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being an earlier effort than "Lords and Lovers." One constantly sees the student's attempt and the girl's conceptions. "The Poet," the last play in the volume, trembles on the historic step from the sublime. Genius is perilously near to madness and Poe notably wavered between the two states. Poe handled by the fiery imagination of young maidenhood, missed the effect of genius to give that of its grotesque companion. Indeed, this play completely misses the mark. "Semiramis" tries to make up for poverty of emotion and inspiration by overloading with action and a huddled design. Armies, enemies, friends, servants, hurry and scamper back and forth across the stage, and doubts, trust and mistrust fairly upset each other as they claim the heroine's mind.

The book shows much haste and carelessness in composition in more ways than one. There are many misprints; speeches put into the mouths of the wrong characters; mistakes in cadence and rhythm.

Here and there one gets a fine or fiery line, but they are all too few. Mrs. Dargan has in her the making of a dramatist, but we make the assertion upon the witness only of her former book.

We have always known Mr. Hewlett was a poet making prose. Had he willed the higher task, he might have been that rarest growth of earth—a poet. The thin blue volume* is in part a re-issue of an earlier volume which expired painlessly, the author says a few months after birth. The additions to that small volume, namely, the three long poems "Leto's Child," "The Niobids" and "Latmos" set the seal of true poet on this volume. With the scholar's sense of time, Mr. Hewlett has waited eleven years to publish his poems, knowing doubtless that true worth will always find a market and only transient stuff need catch at occasion.

Every poet sometime writes his hymn to Intellectual Beauty, and the trilogy of poems on Hymnia gives Mr. Hewlett's pictures of three approaches to the shrine. In the first the legend of Callisto serves to point the sorrows, suffering disintegration of

* "Artemision: Idylls and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

the sensual mind; "The Niobids" is a poem dealing with the downfall of those proud souls who think to rival with their earthly gifts the very goddess herself; and in the third poem, "Latmos," we have the unending pursuit, the unsatisfied desire.

Hymnia, repenting of her kindness to a boy, realizes that:

"All alone
Her way must be, until in mortal man
That grace of God be given to look upon
Beauty for what it is, not what it can
Give unto us for sop to batten on."

And the poem ends:

"But let him write
Who knows her best; thus only goes his prayer
That she withdraw not from him; but still spare
Some little hint of beauty deep and calm
To cool his fever. He has no further care
What other fortune fall him, so the psalm
Incarnate in her, shrill as mountain air,

"Fan her young breath upon him as she flits
Across him, looking downward where he sits;
Or with grave beckoning in her solemn eyes
Bid him to follow her oft; as befits
Attendant on her."

Of the lesser poems there is less to say. "Preparation" opens with the splendid line, "I arise to anoint my soul," and a shock is given one by the sudden downfall of the second line,

"With the unction of her sweet breath."

"To Crocuses" is full of spring and youth and young delight. Everywhere are faithful imagery and haunting lines, none more exquisite than these:

"Below him as he lay, the muffled sheep
Like tombs adown the hillside seemed to creep."

The book is one students and lovers of poetry dare not miss.

"One more unfortunate," one exclaims when one reads the tragic little foreword to these poems* in which John Davidson says

* "Fleet Street and Other Poems." By John Davidson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1909.